

WHAT SCHLEY SAID.

Episode of July 3 on the Brooklyn Recalled.

CAPTAIN CHADWICK MAKES REPORT.

The Conversation, Says Hodgson, Took Place—The Denial Was That of the Words as Published. Substance Was Correct.

WASHINGTON, June 20.—The occurrences on the bridge of the Brooklyn during the battle of July 3 having been the subject of a controversy in the newspapers, the navy department recently undertook an investigation of the various allegations. Lieutenant Commander Hodgson and Lieutenant Commander Heiner, who have figured in the controversy, were both called on for explanations of the utterances attributed to them, and the former was directed to report for examination on this point to Captain Chadwick at Boston. The department has now given out for publication Captain Chadwick's report on the matter. It is not yet determined whether or not the answer of Lieutenant Commander Heiner will be made public at this time. Captain Chadwick's report is as follows:

U. S. S. New York, Boston, Mass., June 17, 1899. Sir—In obedience to your order of the 12th inst. I have to report the following as the statement by Lieutenant Commander Hodgson of the conversation between Rear Admiral Schley and himself during the action of July 3, 1898.

He states as follows: "As we were approaching the Spanish ships I heard Admiral Schley say port or starboard several times to Captain Cook in the conning tower, the admiral being on the platform surrounding the conning tower. I had been on the bridge above and was just coming down to report the positions of the ships when I heard the admiral say, 'Hard astern.' The Maria Teresa was then hauling about her port beam. The Brooklyn was heading about northeast. I told the admiral, or at least suggested to him, that the Texas was very close on our starboard side and that turning to starboard would bring us too close to her. I don't know that I used the word 'collision.' I did not say, 'You mean starboard.' I intended him to understand there was danger of running into the Texas. He said, 'All right,' or words to that effect—I cannot repeat verbatim. When I knew he was going to turn to starboard, I suggested backing the starboard engine in order to make a smaller circle and give the Texas a wider berth, but he decided against that as decreasing the speed of the turn. He did not say, that I know of, 'We are near enough to them (the Spaniards) already.' The only thing I gathered from what he said was that if we turned to port we should get so close that we should expose ourselves to torpedo attack. I supposed he meant torpedo boats and replied to him that I had not seen them."

Lieutenant Commander Hodgson states that he did not intend to convey in his note of denial sent at the request of Admiral Schley and published in the Washington Post the idea that no such colloquy took place.

He states regarding this as follows: "Admiral Schley wrote me, inclosing an editorial from a New York paper of June 16, asking me to write a denial of what he phrased 'an oft repeated calumny.' He said he had no recollection of any such conversation. I wrote a lengthy letter of explanation, giving my recollection of the conversation as nearly as possible. Admiral Schley wrote me, saying: 'There is much in your letter which I should not like to use, as it would provoke assault upon you, which I would not like to happen. What I want to show is that the dialogue did not occur.' I then wrote a denial of the colloquy, certainly not intending to say that no such colloquy occurred, but that it did not occur as printed. I at the same time sent with this a second explanatory letter, explaining to Admiral Schley that the letter of denial was a denial of the dialogue as it appeared in print and that I had told the correspondent of the paper that the substance of the conversation was correct. In writing the letter I wished to refute the fact of any controversy existing at a critical stage of the battle. It—the letter—was a denial of the words as they stood in the published article—a denial of their literal correctness and not a denial of the substantial correctness of the statement."

A copy of the letter has not been retained by him. He had a rough draft, which has been retained.

Lieutenant Commander Hodgson appends his signature as a voucher for the accuracy with which the foregoing is given. Very respectfully, F. E. CHADWICK, Captain, U. S. N.

His Wife Spanked Him. PORT CHESTER, N. Y., June 20.—Dennis Ansky had his wife arrested yesterday for assault. He charges her with taking him across her knee and spanking him with her slipper. The trouble occurred on Sunday when Mrs. Ansky asked her husband to go down into the basement and get a scuttle of coal. Ansky was busy with something else and refused. Mrs. Ansky repeated the request several times, and when her husband swore at her she seized him and gave him a severe spanking. When she had finished, she threw him in a chair and left him. Ansky's cries brought the neighbors, and when they learned the use of the disturbance they laughed.

The Mississippi Rising. DUBUQUE, Ia., June 20.—There has been an extraordinary rise in the Mississippi, and it is now within a foot of the danger line. Lowlands are now submerged and inland streams are overflowing their banks. The backwater from the river is causing much damage, and high water is encroaching on factories on the river front. Grant river is spreading over adjacent territory, ruining crops and driving lowland dwellers out of their homes.

THE MISSION OF ART.

A Potent Factor in Uplifting the Human Race.

Dr. Talmage Preaches on the Influence of "Pleasant Pictures" in the Development of Christian Character.

(Copyright, 1899, by Louis Klopach.) Washington, June 18.

Dr. Talmage shows in this discourse how art may become one of the mightiest agencies for the elevation and salvation of the human race. The text is Isaiah 2:12-16: "The day of the Lord of Hosts shall be upon all pleasant pictures."

Pictures are by some relegated to the realm of the trivial, accidental, sentimental or worldly, but my text shows that God scrutinizes pictures, and whether they are good or bad, whether used for right or wrong purposes, is a matter of Divine observation and arraignment. The divine mission of pictures is my subject. That the artist's pencil and the engraver's knife have sometimes been made subservient to the kingdom of the bad is frankly admitted. After the ashes and scoria were removed from Herculaneum and Pompeii, the walls of those cities discovered to the explorers a degradation in art which cannot be exaggerated. Satan and all his imps have always wanted the flinging of the easel. They would rather have possession of that than the art of printing, for types are not so potent and quick for evil as pictures. The powers of darkness think they have gained a triumph, and they have when in some respectable parlor or public art gallery they can hang a canvas embarrassing to the good, but fascinating to the evil.

It is not in a spirit of prudery, but backed up by God's eternal truth, when I say that you have no right to hang in your art rooms or your dwelling houses that which would be offensive to good people if the figures pictured were alive in your parlor and the guests of your household. A picture that you have to hang in a somewhat secluded place, or that in a public hall you cannot with a group of friends deliberately stand before and discuss, ought to have a knife stabbed into it at the top and cut clear through to the bottom and a stout finger thrust in on the right side, ripping clear through to the left. Play the elder lost his life by going near enough to see the inside of Vesuvius, and the farther you can stand off from the burning crater of sin the better. Never till the books of the last day are opened shall we know what has been the dire harvest of evil pictorials and unbecoming art galleries. Despoil a man's imagination, and he becomes a mere carcass. The show windows of English and American cities, in which the low theaters have sometimes hung long lines of brazen actors and actresses in style insulting to all propriety, have made a broad path to death for multitudes of people. But so have all the other arts been at times suborned of evil. How has music been bedraggled? Is there any place so low down in dissoluteness that into it has not been carried David's harp, and Handel's organ, and Gottschalk's piano, and Ole Bull's violin, and the flute, which, though named after so insignificant a thing as the Sicilian eel, which has seven spots on the side, like flute holes, yet for thousands of years has had an exalted mission? Architecture, born in the heart of Him who made the worlds, under its arches and across its floors, what bacchanalian revelries have been enacted! It is not against any of these arts that they have been so led into captivity!

What a poor world this would be if it were not for what my text calls "pleasant pictures!" I refer to your memory and mine when I ask if your knowledge of the Holy Scriptures has not been mightily augmented by the wood cuts or engravings in the old family Bible which father and mother read out of and laid on the table in the old homestead when you were boys and girls. The Bible scenes which we all carry in our minds were not got from the Bible typology, but from the Bible pictures. To prove the truth of it in my own case, the other day I took up the old family Bible which I inherited. Sure enough, what I have carried in my mind of Jacob's ladder was exactly the Bible engravings of Jacob's ladder, and so with Samson carrying off the gates of Gaza, Elisha restoring the Shunammite's massacre of the innocents, Christ blessing little children, the crucifixion and the last judgment. My idea of all these is that of the old Bible engravings, which I scanned before I could read a word. That is true with nine-tenths of you. If I could swing open the door of your forehead, I would find that you are walking picture galleries. The great intelligence abroad about the Bible did not come from the general reading of the book, for the majority of the people read it but little, if they read it at all, but all the sacred scenes have been put before the great masses, and not printer's ink, but the pictorial art, must have the credit of the achievement. First, painter's pencil for the favored few and then engraver's plate or wood cut for millions on millions!

What overwhelming commentary on the Bible, what reinforcement for patriarchy, prophets, apostles and Christ, what distribution of Scriptural knowledge of all nations in the paintings and engravings therefrom of Holman Hunt's "Christ in the Temple," Paul Veronese's "Magdalen Washing the Feet of Christ," Raphael's "Michael the Archangel," Albert Durer's "Dragon of the Apocalypse," Michael Angelo's "Plagues of the Fiery Serpents," Tintoretto's "Flight into Egypt," Rubens' "Descent from the Cross," Leonardo Da Vinci's "Last Supper," Claude's "Queen of Sheba," Bellini's "Madonna," at Milan; Orcagna's "Last Judgment" and hundreds of miles of pictures, if they were put in line, illustrating, displaying, dramatizing, irradiating Bible truths until the Scriptures are not today so much on paper as on canvas, not so much in ink as in all the colors of the spectrum. In 1833 forth from Strasburg, Germany, there came a child that was to eclipse in speed and boldness anything and everything that the world had ever seen since the first color appeared on the sky at the creation, Paul Gustave Dore. At 11 years of age he published marvelous lithographs of his own. Saying nothing of what he did for Milton's "Paradise Lost," ambalazing it on the attention of the world, he takes up the book of books, the monarch of literature, the Bible, and in his pictures, "The Creation of Light," "The Trial of Abraham's Faith," "The Birth of Sarah," "Joseph Sold by His Brethren," "The Brazen Serpent," "Boaz and Ruth," "David and Goliath," "The Transfiguration," "The Marriage in Cana," "Babylon Fallen," and 263 Scriptural scenes in all, with a boldness and a grasp and almost supernatural affluence that make the heart throb and the brain reel and the tears start and the cheeks blanch and the entire nature quake with the tremendous things of God and eternity and the dead. I actually staggered down the steps of the London art gallery under the power of Dore's "Christ Leaving the Praetorium." Profess you to be a Christian man or woman, and see no divine mission in art, and acknowledge you no obligation either in thanks to God or man?

The world and the church ought to come to the higher appreciation of the Divine mission of pictures, yet the authors of them have generally been left to semistarvation. West, the great painter, toiled in unappreciation till, being a great skater, while on the ice he formed the acquaintance of Gen. Howe, of the English army, who, through coming to admire West as a clever skater, gradually came to appreciate as much that which he accomplished by his hand as by his heel. Poussin, the mighty painter, was pursued and had nothing with which to defend himself against the mob but the artist's portfolio, which he held over his head to keep off the stones hurled at him. The pictures of Richard Wilson, of England, were sold for fabulous sums of money after his death, but the living painter was glad to get for his "Alyce" a piece of Stilton cheese. From 1640 to 1843 there were 4,600 pictures willfully destroyed. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth it was the habit of some people to spend much of their time in knocking pictures to pieces. In the reign of Charles I. it was ordered by parliament that all pictures of Christ be burned. Painters were so badly treated and humiliated in the beginning of the eighteenth century that they were lowered clear down out of the sublimity of their art and obliged to give accounts of what they did with their colors.

The oldest picture in England, a portrait of Chaucer, though now of great value, was picked out of a lumber garret. Great were the trials of Quentin Matsys, who toiled on from blacksmith's anvil till, as a painter, he won wide recognition. The first missionaries to Mexico made the fatal mistake of destroying pictures, for the loss of which art and religion must ever lament. But why go so far back when in this year of our Lord to be a painter, except in rare exceptions, means poverty and neglect, poorly fed, poorly clad, poorly housed, because poorly appreciated? When I hear a man is a painter, I have two feelings—one of admiration for the greatness of his soul, and the other of commiseration for the needs of his body. But so it has been in all departments of noble work. Some of the mightiest have been hardly bested. Oliver Goldsmith had such a big patch on his coat over the left breast that when he went anywhere he kept his hat in his hand closely pressed over the patch. The world renowned Bishop Asbury had a salary of \$54 a year. Painters are not the only ones who have endured the lack of appreciation. Let men of wealth take under their patronage the suffering men of art. They lift no complaint; they make no strike for higher wages. But with a keenness of nervous organization which almost always characterizes genius these artists suffer more than anyone but God can realize.

There needs to be a concerted effort for the suffering artist of America, not sentimental discourse about what we owe to artists, but contracts that will give them a livelihood; for I am in full sympathy with the Christian farmer who was very busy gathering his fall apples and some one asked him to pray for a poor family, the father of which had broken his leg, and the busy farmer said: "I cannot stop now to pray, but you can go down into the cellar and get some corned beef and butter and eggs and potatoes; that is all I can do now." Artists may wish for our prayers, but they also want practical help from men

who can give them work. You have heard scores of sermons for all other kinds of suffering men and women, but we need sermons that make pleas for the suffering men and women of American art. Their work is more true to nature and life than some of the masterpieces that have become immortal on the other side of the sea, but it is the fashion of Americans to mention foreign artists and to know little or nothing about our own Copley and Allston and Inman and Greenough and Kensett. Let the affluent fling out of their windows and into the back yard valueless daub on canvas and call in these splendid but unrewarded men and tell them to adorn your walls not only with that which shall please the taste, but enlarge the minds and improve the morals and save the souls of those who gaze upon them. All American cities need great galleries of art, not only open annually for a few days on exhibition, but which shall stand open all the year round, and from early morning until ten o'clock at night, and free to all who would come and go.

What a preparation for the wear and tear of the day a five minutes' look at the morning at some picture that will open a door into some larger realm than that in which our population daily drudges. Or what a good thing the half hour of artistic opportunity on the way home in the evening from exhaustion that demands recuperation for mind and soul as well as body! Who will do for the city where you live what W. W. Corcoran did for Washington and what others have done for Philadelphia and Boston and New York? Men of wealth, if you are too modest to build and endow such a place during your lifetime, why not go to your iron safe and take out your last will and testament and make a codicil that shall build for the city of your residence a throne for American art? Take some of that money that would otherwise spoil your children and build an art gallery that shall associate your name forever not only with the great masters of painting who are gone, but with the great masters who are trying to live, and also win the admiration and love of tens of thousands of people, who, unable to have fine pictures of their own, would be advantaged. By your benefactions build your own monuments and not leave it to the whim of others. Some of the best people sleeping in Greenwood have no monuments at all or some crumbling stones that in a few years will be the ruin wash out name and epitaph, while some men, whose death was the abatement of a nuisance, have a pile of Aberdeen granite high enough for a king and eulogies enough to embarrass a scribe. Oh, man of large wealth, instead of leaving to the whim of others your monumental commemoration and epitaphology, to be looked at when people are going to and fro at the burial of others, build right down in the heart of our great city, or the city where you live, an immense free reading-room, or a free musical conservatory, or a free art gallery, the niches for sculpture and the walls bloom with the rise and fall of nations, and lessons of courage for the disheartened, and rest for the weary, and life for the dead; and 150 years from now you will be wielding influence in this world for good. How much better than white marble, that chills you if you put your hand on it when you touch it in the cemetery, would be a monument in colors, in beaming eyes, in living possession, in splendors which under the chandelier would be glowing and warm, and looked at by strolling groups with catalogue in hand on the January night when the necropolis where the body sleeps is all snowed under!

The tower of David was hung with 1,000 dented shields of battle; but you, oh man of wealth, why have a grander tower named after you, one that shall be hung not with the symbols of carnage, but with the victories of that art which was so long ago recognized in my text as "pleasant pictures." Oh, the power of pictures! I cannot deride, as some have done, Cardinal Mazarin, who, when told that he must die, took his last walk through the art gallery of his palace, saying: "Must I quit all this? Look at that Titian! Look at that Correggio! Look at that deluge of Caracci! Farewell, dear pictures!" As the day of the lord of hosts, according to this text, will scrutinize the pictures, I implore all parents to see that in their households they have neither in book nor newspaper nor on canvas anything that will deprave. Pictures are no longer the exclusive possession of the affluent. There is not a respectable home in these cities that has not specimens of woodcut or steel engraving, if not of painting, and your whole family will feel the moral uplifting or depression. Have nothing on your wall or in books that will familiarize the young with scenes of cruelty and wassail; have only those sketches made by artists in elevated moods and none of those scenes that seem the product of artistic delirium tremens. Pictures are not only a strong but a universal language. The human race is divided into almost as many languages as there are nations, but the pictures may speak to people of all tongues. Volapuk may have hoped, with little reason, would become a worldwide language; but the pictorial is always a worldwide language, and printers' types have no emphasis compared with it. We say that children are fond of pictures; but notice any man when he takes up a book, and you will see that the first thing he

MORE RIOTING IN CLEVELAND.

Women Take a Hand in Stoning Trolley Cars.

CLEVELAND, June 20.—Up to 4 o'clock yesterday afternoon it promised to be the most uneventful day in the big street railroad strike. At that hour another serious riot broke out in an entirely new quarter, and one nonunion man was sent to the hospital in consequence.

The company began yesterday the operation of two new lines—those on Scovill and Central avenues. The cars were protected by policemen, and until the afternoon no trouble occurred. Just before 4 o'clock two of the Scovill cars approached the crossing of the Pennsylvania railroad. There they were met by a mob of more than 2,000 men and women. One of the cars was taken across the railroad safety, but the other was held up by the mob. A perfect shower of paving bricks and stones fell about the car and crashed against the vestibule at the front end, behind which the motorman was concealed. Women threw bricks and handed them to the men who were in the front of the crowd. The windows of the car had been lowered, and the bricks crashed against the seats and fell upon the floor of the car.

The conductor escaped injury, but the motorman, A. J. McGraw of St. Louis, was struck on the head with a brick and rendered unconscious. He was taken to a hospital. The patrolman on the car was also hit with a brick, but was not seriously hurt. A call was made for the police, but when a detachment of officers arrived the mob had dispersed, and no arrests were made.

At the meeting of the council last evening there was a scene of great disorder. The gallery and lobby of the chamber were packed by a large crowd, and every speaker who was inclined to give the railroad company a fair show was hissed. This continued until Mayor Farley made a speech, in which he declared that he did not propose to submit to intimidation.

The leader of the strike said that about the only question at issue now was whether all the old men would be reinstated if the strike was declared off. The demand for the absolute recognition of the union appears to have been abandoned. President Everett says he cannot agree to take back all the men, for some of them will never be reinstated.

Mrs. Blaine to Found a School.

CHICAGO, June 20.—Hull House is to have a rival in a model school which Mrs. Emmaus Blaine proposes to establish on the west side during the coming year. While the two institutions will have the common purpose in view of elevating mankind, the model school will endeavor to occupy the same relation toward the children of the crowded district that Hull House has taken toward the parents. One hundred thousand dollars will be devoted by Mrs. Blaine to the founding of this school as a sort of adjunct to the college for teachers which her philanthropy has secured for Chicago in the near future.

Safe Robbed of \$4,000.

PHILADELPHIA, June 20.—The office of the Fairmount Park Transportation company at Forty-fourth street and Elm avenue, West Philadelphia, was forcibly entered by 12 masked men early yesterday morning. The watchman and several other men were bound and gagged. The robbers then opened the safe and got away with \$4,000 in cash. The police have no clue to the identity of the robbers.

Criminal Recaptured.

OSWEGO, N. Y., June 20.—Alfred Millington, who escaped from the county jail here a year ago, has been recaptured in Buffalo and returned to this city by Sheriff Enos. He had just been released from the Erie county penitentiary, where he served an eight months' sentence. Millington is under indictment for five offenses.

Sale of Carolines Approved.

MADRID, June 20.—The chamber of deputies has approved the bill ceding the Caroline Islands, the Ladrones and the Pelew Islands to Germany. In the course of the debate Senor Silveira denied that any exceptional tariff had been granted to Germany.

looks at it the pictures. Have only those in your house that appeal to the better nature. One engraving has sometimes decided an eternal destiny. Under the title of fine arts there have come here from France a class of pictures which elaborate argument has tried to prove irreproachable. They would disgrace a barroom, and they need to be confiscated. Your children will carry the pictures of their father's house with them clear on to the grave, and, passing that marble pillar, will take them through eternity.

Furthermore, let all reformers and all Sabbath school teachers and all Christian workers realize that, if they would be effective for good, they must make pictures, if not by chalk or blackboards or kindergarten designs or by pencil on canvas, then by words. Arguments are soon forgotten, but pictures, whether in language or in colors, are what produce stronger effects. Christ was always telling what a thing was like, and his sermon on the mount was a great picture gallery, beginning with a sketch of a "city on a hill that cannot be hid," and ending with a tempest beating against two houses, one on the rock and the other on the sand. The parable of the prodigal son, a picture; parable of the sower, who went forth to sow, a picture; parable of the unmerciful servant, a picture; parable of the ten virgins, a picture; parable of the talents, a picture. The world wants pictures, and the appetite begins with the child, who consents to go early to bed if the mother will sit beside him and rehearse a story, which is only a picture.

THE PEACE CONGRESS.

Discussion of Arms and Ammunition Brings Results.

DR. ZORN RETURNS FROM BERLIN.

Reticent as to the Outcome of His Mission—The Arbitration Committee Awaits the Kaiser's Decision—Desire For a Tribunal.

THE HAGUE, June 20.—Among the rejected proposals in the various committees of the peace conference is one prohibiting the employment of new explosives not yet brought into use. This proposal was rejected by a vote of 12 to 9. On the proposal forbidding the perfecting of cannons there is no accord, and it is possible that the principle of such prohibition will be rejected. Concerning bullets, especially dumdums, the Swiss and Russian propositions being rejected, the subcommittee voted a new Russian proposal prohibiting the use of bullets with a strong wrapper and uncovering totally the core of explosive bullets. This proposal was adopted by a vote of 15 to 1, England casting the dissenting vote.

The interdiction of bursting bullets for artillery was rejected by a vote of 11 to 10. England and the United States voted for the proposal. Austria abstained from voting. France and Roumania voted in favor of launching bullets and explosives from balloons, they wishing to delay the matter for five years. The question of guns occupied four sittings. No agreement was reached, and the matter stands over. Six delegations were not instructed by their governments.

Dr. Zoch of the German delegation to the international peace conference, who was dispatched Friday by Count von Munster, the chief German delegate, after a conference with his colleagues, to inform Emperor William personally of the condition of affairs in regard to the board of arbitration question, has returned. It is said, however, that, owing to the absence of the emperor, Dr. Zorn was only able to consult with the officials of the German foreign office.

Dr. Zorn is discreetly reticent regarding his mission, but it is understood he obtained the impression at Berlin that all hope need not be abandoned of effecting an understanding regarding the organization of an arbitration board by amalgamating the various schemes.

It is expected that Emperor William will reach a decision this week. Matters therefore will remain unchanged, and the arbitrating committee will not meet until the Kaiser's decision is known.

The general desire of the conference favors an established arbitration tribunal, recourse to which shall be optional. It is believed that if Germany declines the other powers will still achieve some such result before separating. They may decide upon a draft scheme pending Germany's decision.

Dr. Zorn's Instructions.

BERLIN, June 20.—The Berliner Tageblatt says it understands that Dr. Zorn's instructions involve a concession regarding the arbitration question, due to the great earnestness with which the British, American and Russian delegates are pushing the application of the principle. Government circles, from political motives, desire some positive result, if there can be an absolute guarantee that the scheme will not harm German interests.

PRESIDENT'S EASTERN TRIP.

A Visit to Mount Tom, Northampton and Smith College.

HOLYOKE, Mass., June 20.—"I am enjoying this trip very much indeed and had no idea the country about here was so beautiful," said President McKinley yesterday as he was seated in a rocking chair in the observatory on the summit of Mount Tom. Notwithstanding that the day has been a long and tedious one both the president and Mrs. McKinley stood the strain incident to the great demonstration at Northampton and the journey back to Holyoke very well indeed. The trip to Mount Tom in the afternoon was a welcome change from the turmoil of the morning, while the quiet, homelike, pleasant evening hours were a fitting climax to a very busy day. The entire morning was taken up with the visit to Northampton and Smith college. Here the president and his party occupied the platform and listened to the exercises by the graduating class of 150 young women and to a resume of the work of the year as given by President L. C. Selye of the college. During these services a beautiful loving cup of cut glass, trimmed with silver, was presented to Mrs. McKinley by Bethesda chapter, Order of Eastern Star, and later the entire party, with the exception of Mrs. McKinley, were taken for an hour's drive about the city. The only special incident of this drive was when the president, noticing a venerable, gray haired man seated in a chair near the curbstone, ordered his carriage driver to stop the while he shook hands and spoke a few words to the aged gentleman. He was General Benjamin F. Cook, 97 years of age, the father of Captain Frank Cook of the United States cruiser Brooklyn.

The trip back to Holyoke was without incident. Today will be given up exclusively to the commencement exercises at Holyoke college. Here the president will present the graduating class with their diplomas, and Governor Roger Wolcott will address them.

The president has announced definitely that he will remain at Adams as the guest of Hon. W. B. Plankett until Wednesday evening, June 28, when he will leave for Washington.

Maine Republicans Elect Littlefield.

ROCKLAND, Me., June 20.—Hon. Charles E. Littlefield, Republican, of this city has been elected to congress to succeed the late Nelson Dingley, Jr., defeating John Scott of Bath by an overwhelming majority. Scott polled a smaller vote than when he stood against Mr. Dingley in the 1898 elections.